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a place of honor it represents a modern Greek girl captured by the Turks and exposed in a slave market at Damascus or Constantinople, nude, insulted, and haughty with the superiority of Christianity. Miss Hosmer's "Zenobia," walking through the streets of Rome in the triumph of Aurelianus, and crushed beneath her weight of Eastern jewels, is another celebrated work, seen in the hall. Powers' two statues of "Eve," one before and one after the fall; and Randolph Rogers' "Nydia," or the blind girl feeling her way through Pompeii during the eruption, are popular and highly-appreciated works of sculpture in the gallery. Of foreign sculpture may be mentioned two very decorative and elegant busts of maidens in white marble, heightened with gilding for the jewels and ornaments, by Aizelin.

The Stewart Gallery is not exactly the shrine of a poet-painter. You do not go thither to see examples of Delacroix, Decamps, Millet, Corot, Rousseau; it is evident that the collector knew what he liked, and did not mean to be mystified. On the whole, believing it to be fully a representation of the owner's choice and taste, we uphold it as a noble example of the æsthetic discernment of a merchant-prince. CICERONE.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN RUSKIN'S DRAWINGS—A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION—CURIOUS REVELATIONS OF A GREAT AUTHOR'S CHARACTER.

BOSTON, October, 1879.

AT last we have a real lion in Boston—nothing less than the great John Ruskin's drawings, the same drawings of which an exhibition was made in London last year. You may see the veritable animal—teeth, claws and all—for the moderate charge of fifty cents and twenty-five cents for the catalogue, which is the greatest curiosity in the show. A Harvard professor officiates as showman, and explains, and the exhibition is patronized by all the art nobility and gentry of the shire. It came to pass in this way: Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, who fills the chair of art, and has long been a trusty friend and correspondent of Mr. Ruskin, wrote to him that his London exhibition of 1878 ought to be repeated in America for the edification of the faithful "in partibus." Our professor, who is a learned and amiable Dryasdust in Turner and the Old Masters, represented to the Oxford professor—as is learned from the catalogue—that an exhibition of his drawings would make good to Americans in large degree the lack of opportunity to study the works of art in European museums (!); and would, moreover, save Mr. Ruskin's standing among students of his works here from the injurious effect of "the pirated edition of Mr. Ruskin's books, with its disgraceful travesties of the noble and exquisite illustrations with which the author's editions of his own works are adorned." Mr. Ruskin appears to have acceded with great cordiality. Twenty-five of the sixty pieces in last year's exhibition are here, and with them have been sent others, including some executed this year, so that with those already in Prof. Norton's possession a collection of over one hundred drawings is made up—an exhibition not only numerically half as large again as that in London in 1878, but also much fuller and more complete in its illustration of Ruskin's work for fifty years.

Yes, it is actually here. It seems really quite too wonderful to be true, and we rub our eyes and pinch ourselves and try to realize it. But we rub our eyes and pinch ourselves more when we get inside the show and try to realize what there is so great about Ruskin's drawings and what their boon to art consists in. It is but fair to premise that Mr. Ruskin in the preface to his notes on his drawings—which are reprinted in the catalogue here—acknowledges that he has "amused and humiliated myself by arranging a little autobiography of drawings from childhood until now, out of which it appears to me some useful points might be made evident respecting the service of particular methods or the danger of particular errors." It is also required in fairness to state that Prof. Norton in his introductory remarks admits that "these drawings are not the work of an artist by profession; there is not a picture among them." They are merely to illustrate patience, industry, and

single-minded devotion, training "an eye of exceptional keenness and penetration and a hand of equally exceptional delicacy and firmness of touch, to be the responsive instruments of faculties of observation and perception such as have seldom been bestowed on artist or on poet." Exact knowledge of the facts of nature, data for principles in art, memoranda of work of periods in which "art gave better expression to the higher interests and motives of life than at the present day," were among the objects aimed at by Ruskin in these sketches, rather than picture-making.

The first impression on entering the small gallery where they are exposed is that you have fallen into an architect's office with pen and ink drawings of front and side elevations pinned to the wall. The next is that it is a grammar-school exhibition of drawing. For the first number on the catalogue is a Map of France precisely such as we executed in boyhood's happy hours, and the next number is an equally remarkable Map of Africa. The note to these achievements explains: "I began to learn drawing by carefully copying the maps in a small quarto atlas, of excellent old-fashioned type, the mountains well marked (but not blackened all over, like those in the modern Geological Survey), the names clear, not crowded—above all, not run across each other, nor to be gleaned, a letter at a time, where one can pick them up." They are examples of many, the artist tells us, done by the time he was eight years old; the coloring round the edges was the reward for all the tediousness of the printed names—towns and villages as well as departments are all "printed" in—"the printing an excellent discipline of hand and eye, and the mountains and sea a most wholesome imitation of steady engraver's work." This childish note of these infantile exploits I have quoted so much of because it aptly illustrates Ruskin's pedagogic temperament and attitude towards art—the dry, laborious, conscious, and conscientious self-discipline—the always didactic spirit of the man. Nothing could be further from "art for art's sake" than this stopping publicly to approve maps in which the names are "clear, not crowded—above all, not run across each other, nor to be gleaned, a letter at a time, where one can pick them up." Fancy the artistic nourishment in printing hundreds of town-names in small type-letter and in tracing the lines drawn for mountains and sea in "most wholesome imitation of steady engraver's work." Not to be put down in his ideas of the importance of map-drawing, Mr. Ruskin goes on to elaborate his directions for laying out the proportions of a map by degrees: "And the degree is to be divided always into sixty (so-called) miles, of which great measure of longitude and latitude I hope my young students will form a more practical estimate by often walking it." One catches a glimpse herein of possible use and beauty in the "go-as-you-please" infatuation. After these geography lessons follow a number of equally puerile sketches of architecture—as the candid critic says himself of one—"always supremely stupid, but no shirking of work till I get near the bottom." In a long autobiographical note, which bursts upon the catalogue at this point, Mr. Ruskin laments (after noting that in certain copies the gray wash was introduced where the pencil shade was impossible, "but not carelessly or licentiously") that he "got overpraised for mechanical industry," and that had he "been permitted at this time to put [his] whole strength into drawing and geology," his life "would have been an entirely harmonious and serviceable one." But he was, he says, "too foolish and sapless to persist in a healthy bent," and his friends mistook him for a genius and wanted to make him a poet, or bishop, or member of Parliament. It is a sad enough story of misdirected and mixed-up effort, but it does not solve the mystery why these drawings are exhibited, unless it be as warnings of things to be shunned.

Leaving these pale and juiceless flowers of his youth, uninspired except by the spirit of self-immolation to the Moloch of "Culture," which act of virtue is almost indistinguishable oftentimes from the sin of selfish vanity, we turn to his sketches in Switzerland and Venice, and here one is rewarded with two or three pieces of work showing something besides grinding labor, some joyousness in the perception and reproduction of beauty. The Falls of Schaffhausen show the use of the faculty, laborious delineation of form to some artistic purpose; the plunging

and white explosions of the tumbling masses are full of life, force, and truth, and the color is sweet and convincingly probable in its gradations from white into light blue. The note to this piece of work, which was not in the London exhibition, is an extract from a recent letter, saying: "That drawing of the Falls of Schaffhausen is the only one of mine I ever saw Turner interested in. He looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room. How destiny does mock us! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now!" But in the midst of these mostly freer Swiss sketches is a snuff-colored, mechanical, lateral drawing of a farmer's house and barn-yard, which might be paralleled by the coarse print on the cover of a child's box of wooden toys, to comment on which Ruskin appends *four full pages* of moralizing reprint, in French, on the sweetness and honorableness of the Swiss farmer's life, showing singularly well how inextricably he has mixed up art and ethics.

Again there are some richly-shaded and superbly-finished drawings in sepia of the architecture of Venice; the chiaroscuro and atmosphere are deeply satisfying. One sketch in color of a porch of St. Mark's is beautiful in opalescent, almost changing, hues, so faithfully and delicately have the relations of color and tone on the pillars been preserved. The varying masses of shadow in the figured compartments of some old door-heads in Venice have also been delineated with true feeling. But the notes show how curiously the artist's mind was preoccupied all the time with the historical or sociological significance of the structures. It was the litterateur and social philosopher quite as much as the skilful draughtsman that was at work.

The similar combination of artist and materialist appears in the latest pieces of work, and some four or five are dated 1879. These are studies of a wild violet, of a feather, and of dry oak leaves. There is "a stone of my garden wall," and another larger stone which has not even that interest, being simply an infinitely patient delineation of every crack and scratch and plane and hollow on one side of a small boulder, simply Chinese in patient labor. Still we ought to be, and are, thankful for so full and unsparing a self-revealing of one of the most remarkable characters of our day as this exhibition grants. GRETA.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB—ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS.

BOSTON, October, 1879.

UPON the first Saturday evening in November the Boston Art Club will meet for the first of the monthly suppers of the winter and to transact such business as may have collected during the summer demanding immediate attention. Among the painful memories that must arise will be the sense of the great loss sustained in the deaths of Dr. Rimmer and Mr. Hunt, upon which appropriate action will be taken. But the Art Club certainly never began a year with greater promise of success than at present. It has forcibly felt the fluctuations and vicissitudes of time in years past, but seems at last to be established upon a firm foundation.

Far back in the earliest days of native art in America the bright lights of the nation centred in Boston; but by degrees the centre of the nation's art was removed to New York. Again, in the courage that was so generally instilled into the veins of art about the year 1850, the profession was so ably supported in Boston that a movement was begun for the mutual protection and advancement of artists. This association was formed in 1854, and became distinctively an art, and not simply an artists', club; some of its strongest supporters then and ever since having been men of other professions, only connected with art by a thorough and earnest love of refinement and the beautiful. In January, 1855, the club was legally organized by twenty members, many of whom are still its strong supporters. Among them were Benjamin Champney, the well-known figure-painter; Walter M. Brackett, the celebrated fish-painter; his brother, E. A. Brackett, the sculptor; William Lee, of the publishing firm of Lee & Shepard; Gilbert Attwood, at present the valued vice-president of the club; Charles A. Barry, the head master of the Rhode Island School of Design, and others.

Until the opening of the Rebellion the association breathed at fitful intervals; then it went into a chrysalis state, as one might say. Nine years afterward it began a vigorous growth, with Walter M. Brackett as president. A determined effort being made for its rejuvenation, convenient rooms were leased for a term of years, and a gallery built, where twice during each winter elaborate exhibitions have since been held. Social suppers are provided for the members the first Saturday of each month during the winter, at which independent exhibitions are given of such productions as the members may desire to display. At present the club numbers nearly six hundred members, and with the enthusiastic assistance of the vice-president, Mr. Attwood, the flourishing growth begun in 1869 and '70 is well sustained. Last spring the Architects' Association and the Art Museum united with the Art Club in the admirable exhibition held in the new wing of the Art Museum. This endeavor was of such excellence, and met with such success, that a very general desire is expressed to have the same union of forces annually repeated.

The club has a library well supplied with books of criticism and reference, and parlors and reading room stocked with periodicals, while during the winter and spring months there is almost every week a lecture or concert, or some other entertainment in the hall, free to the members of the club. The admission fee is but twenty dollars, and the yearly assessment is never allowed to exceed that sum. The management of the club is exceptionally satisfactory, and the very moderate admission is balanced by the careful and critical selection of new members. The associations and surroundings are of the most refined and artistically elevating character. The library has been chiefly formed from friendly donations, the resources of the club not yet having reached a point where appropriations could be made from the treasury for that purpose; it is still open to receive the gifts of those disposed to contribute.

The lease of the building upon Boylston Street at present occupied by the club will soon expire, and everything seems propitious to the project, naturally agitated, of securing a permanent home to be owned by the club. The wealth represented in the association is fully sufficient to meet the demand if sufficient interest can be aroused. A new and substantial building, with departments fully adapted to all the requirements of the club, seems to be all that is necessary to an establishment that should meet every ambition of its most sanguine friends.

The direct object of the club, as announced in the constitution, is "to advance the knowledge and love of art." This certainly has been accomplished in the past in many ways, and the club seems each season more adequate to meet each rising emergency.

H. W. F.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

A REVIEW OF THE ART DEPARTMENT—ENGRAVINGS, OIL PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, CERAMICS, WATER COLORS, AND WOOD CARVING.

CINCINNATI, October, 1879.

THE Exposition that opened in Cincinnati on the tenth of September, and continued till October eleventh, has been an invigorating power for all this part of the country. The management was uniformly able, the different exhibits all good and many of them of a high degree of excellence. The Art Department, including paintings in oils and water-colors, sculpture, engravings, and decorative and household art, has been the principal centre of attraction, for we have here a vast amount of ardent if not critical love for the arts.

It is to the engravings that we go for the purest type of artistic enjoyment. This gallery is not apt to be thronged, the "black and white" room of an exhibition not having the popular attraction that is inherent in a glow of color. The engravings at the Exposition were mostly from the fine private collections of Mr. Sewall of New York and Mr. Claghorn of Philadelphia. The collection represented Mantegna, Marc Antonio, Dürer, Rembrandt, Raphael, Morghen, and various distinguished followers of these great artists. There were also several from Moran and Longhi, one Brescia, and three etchings from Fortuny.

The oldest school of engraving is that of Andrea

Mantegna, from whom was shown "The Entombment," a subject full of the most delicate religious feeling. The body of the Virgin lies extended, while the mourners group reverently around. Above, in the clouds, the soul of the Virgin is joyfully welcomed by the angels. Another was "Jesus After the Resurrection," in which Christ stands between St. Andrew and St. Longinus. The composition is simple and noble in outline. St. Andrew is distinguished by the transverse cross, which is of that peculiar form on which he suffered and which is always known as St. Andrew's Cross. The only other engraving from Mantegna is "The Virgin and Child," a very antique and beautiful composition. The angels on each side typify birth and life, and death and resurrection.

Marc Antonio was a contemporary of Raphael and a pupil of Francia at Bologna. One of his best works is the engraving (after Raphael) of the "Massacre of the Innocents." The copy shown here is a very clear and soft impression. Very beautiful, also, is "The Virgin Lamenting over the Body of Christ." It is in this picture that we have Raphael's "Mater Dolorosa," the face of the Virgin which has been so universally painted and photographed as a single head. In this engraving are shown several figures—the Christ, the Virgin supported in the arms of Mary Salome and Mary Cleophas, while another figure sustains the feet of Christ, and St. John stands near with clasped hands. This painting is otherwise known as "Mary with the Bare Arm," and the impression shown at the Exposition was a very rare one. An engraving of Antonio's after Raphael's "Virgin and Child on Clouds," or the Foligno Madonna, is one of the series of the Madre Pia. The exaltation of the sentiment is finely expressed in placing the sacred mother among the clouds, and in the aureole of light in which mother and child are glorified. "The Holy Family" is after Raphael's "La Vierge à la Longue Cuisse" in the Vatican. The drawing is exquisitely fine and clear. For delicacy of composition and perfection of finish the "Judgment of Paris" is one of the finest in the collection. Antonio has been accused of borrowing from the antique, but the work seems rather to have grown out of a familiarity with the antique spirit. "Mount Parnassus" is from one of Raphael's paintings in the salon dedicated to culture in the Vatican, in which there are typical compositions representing Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. In Poetry we have this "Mt. Parnassus," at the top of which sit Apollo and the Muses. Near them are the epic and tragic poets, Homer, Virgil, and Dante, while a little lower are the lyric poets, Petrarch, Sappho, Corinne, Pindar, and Horace.

From the Albrecht Dürer school many fine things are shown. In Dürer's work as an artist the peculiar qualities of the German spirit seem united. There is the stern industry, the penetrative meditation, the honest, rugged, yet tender feeling so pre-eminent in the German nature. He was too careful a master to work rapidly, and thus his greatest fame comes to us from the reproduction of his pictures by engraving, which he elevated to a place among the fine arts. "St. Jerome in His Cell" is an engraving of Dürer's celebrated for its beauty of execution. It is an interior scene, every detail shown with delicate fidelity to truth. From the windows at the side comes the sunlight that illumines the picture; in the background is the figure of St. Jerome seated at his table, writing. This print is a rare one. An engraving of "Adam and Eve" was shown in its first state. A brilliant background of foliage with glimpses of animal life; the figures of the man and woman stand out in primeval simplicity, the outline noble as the antique, the lines touched with a majestic grandeur that renders these figures triumphs of art. "The Prodigal Son" shows strong action and that grand, pure style of head and drapery that is an especial attribute of Albert Dürer's.

The Rembrandt school of art holds a place as peculiarly its own as if it came from another world and another race. Rembrandt is a magician, and out of strange twilights he conjures spells and weaves his fantasies. The largest engraving ever produced by Rembrandt is the "Christ Shown to the People," a very beautiful impression of which was shown here in the second state. "The Death of the Virgin" is fine and full of feeling—the solemn consecration of mystery subtly interpreted. There were two Rembrandt portraits of himself, both taken when young, whose

expressions are elusive. Two copies of the "Ecce Homo," one in the third and one in the seventh state, were shown.

The oil paintings at the Exposition formed a good collection. It was noticeable that there was scarcely a poor picture among them, and a few rose to a high type of excellence. Among the fine of the modern pictures was a "Stormy Morning in the Sabine Country, Italy," by Dwight Benton, of Rome. It is a painting of power, and makes one feel as if he were looking through an open window at the landscape. There is the yielding curve of the hillside where the short stubble lies golden upon the ground; the olive orchard that covers it; the dusk of violet shadows at the horizon, and over all that wonderful sky where the storm is gathering and the clouds lie low in heavy masses. "Under the Palisades," from Herbert McCord, of New York, is a study of moonlight effects on rippling water, and wind-stirred foliage seen through a transparent veil of mist. "The Fall," by Gilbert Gaul, of New York, is a picture of strong feeling. It tells its own sad story. The happiness which "the bridal wreath and the ring enclose" has never been felt by the poor mother who sits there shivering with her baby in her arms and the basket of street-vender's wares by her side. The face shows a woman delicately reared. The fair brow from which the soft hair ripples away is marked by intellect and refinement, but about the mouth there is an expression of hopeless misery.

A picture in which it is easy to lose one's self is Paul Weber's "Sunset." The glow of sea and sky is wonderful, but the water is a little hard in execution. The "White Isles of Shoals" of De Haas is a painting too good to have the one fault that it has. The distances are not well managed, but the action is strong and the tone good. So is the tone especially fine in Yirr's "Magdalen," a face delicately sad in its repentant sorrow. "The Miser," from Couture, is a picture of the utmost delicacy of touch; the drawing is perfect and the coloring exquisite. A "Landscape" from Luring shows a brook winding in broken curves through quiet summer meadows—the same brook, one feels, in which he waded in childhood, with bare, dimpled feet, on the sand shining through the clear water. It is a poem, a picture, a summer idyl all in one.

"The Bazar," by Joseph Jefferson, is a picture fine in tone but stiff in the drawing. J. R. Meier, an artist of St. Louis, is the painter, par excellence, of swamp scenes. The deep, overhanging moss, the peculiar outline of the trees, and the strange, dreamy light—all is absolutely translated to his canvas.

Among the finest works at the Exposition was a marine of Gudis—"On the Coast of Norway." The sky is a realization that an artist might well consider the triumph of a lifetime. The "Marguerite" of Grund is a sad, haunting picture; the sorrowful, despairing woman in her prison cell, with bare feet on the straw and the chain and manacle on her hand. Wynant's "Evening" is a little after the Corot order, and much like the work of the new school of Impressionists. It is a picture of strong sentiment, and one in which technicalities are quite subverted to the feeling—a picture of dreams and subtle inspirations.

"Forging the Shaft," from J. T. Weir, N. A., was one of the notable pictures. It represents the interior of the Cold Spring Foundry at the moment of casting a huge Parrott gun, and contains nearly twenty figures, which are treated with marvellous fidelity. The two effects of light, from the daylight and the glare of the molten iron, are managed in a manner that shows the master's touch. "The Choristers," from Anderson, are six seraphic boy faces that look out from the canvas as if they only waited a signal to begin some sacred chorus.

The modern school of sculpture was represented at the Exposition by several portrait busts and a few minor works. A bust of Reuben R. Springer, of Cincinnati, the munificent donor of the great Music Hall, is in plaster, and is a very faithful likeness; the expression of the countenance being caught to a striking degree. This is the work of Preston Powers. Underneath is the happy inscription, "He learned the luxury of doing good." A marble bust of Psyche was shown, by Hiram Powers. It is a Psyche of mind and heart as well as soul—an ideal of the spiritual nature strengthened by the intellectual. There was also a marble bust of Judge Taft, the Ohio state-